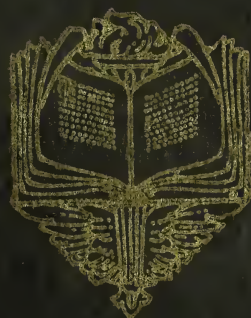


Three Weeks
Vacation


in

The Northwest

JOHN C. DUFFIELD



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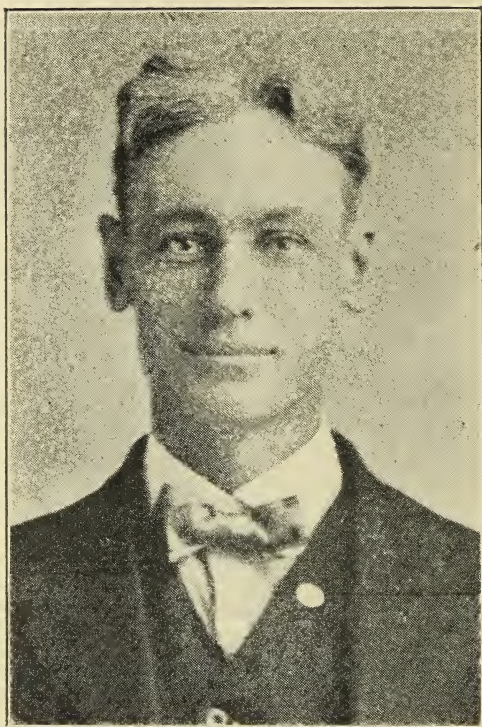


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Vacation
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The Northwest
by JOHN C. DUFFIELD



K I G Y



JOHN C. DUFFIELD

PREFACE

The writer of this booklet was born on an Iowa farm and enjoyed farm life immensely as years went by. When he was a freckled faced boy of eight years his parents migrated to the state of Nebraska where two years were spent in the Platte river valley, near the town of Silver Creek, 115 miles west of Omaha. Having made the long journey in a covered wagon, and by watching the water in the streams and especially in the Platte river, the imagination was excited, and he often wondered where the river, or water started, and he hoped that some day he could see the snow-capped mountains of which he had heard. After the two years spent in Nebraska the return trip was also made by wagon, to Decatur County, Iowa. After farming a number of years, and teaching school ten years, the writer moved his family to Des Moines, Iowa, in 1916, and went to work as nickel grabber for the City Railway.

The International Convention of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America, was held in Oakland, California, September 10-15, 1923. John W. Dennis, and the writer were chosen as delegates from Division 441, Des Moines, Iowa, to attend the convention. The writer cannot thank the members of the Division enough, for the confidence, and honor bestowed in this act. We will here insert a tribute to the

DEAR OLD FRIENDS

Praise the Lord for dear, old friends,
Tried, unchanging, steadfast friends.
How the heart, so often grieved,
Of its trust and love bereaved,
Seeks again the safe retreat
Of the olden friendships sweet!

Hold them fast, the dear old friends,
With the clasp of faithful hands;
Rest together while ye may—
Ah, so soon they pass away!
All the world is poorer grown,
When a dear old friend is gone.

In the entire trip we two delegates were together, except in a few instances as noted in the book, so the pronoun "we" is used instead of "I", although we may not have seen all the sights from the same angle. Although the pictures cannot convey the thrill which one experiences in viewing the scenes, they give some idea of the beauties. This is our first experience in book writing, and we hope the "Mechanical Efficiency" will offset the "Literary Deficiency."

JOHN C. DUFFIELD,

Delegate Division 441.

Chapter I

The Start

We left Des Moines, Iowa, at 9:35 P. M., Monday, September 3, 1923, over the Northwestern Railway, going to Ames, Iowa, where we spent the remainder of the night. At 6 o'clock the next morning we asked the station agent some questions about our train. He informed us that he had no orders to stop the Special, and we were advised to go to Boone, on the regular train, and await the arrival of the Special. We had only a short wait in Boone, as the Special, which was in two sections, was following the regular train as closely as they were allowed to do.

The berth we had secured was in Section No. 2. Our suspense was relieved when we finally boarded Section No. 2, and started on our long ride. In passing through Iowa, we found the farmers very busy threshing oats, wheat, and timothy, also in two localities we saw some fields of barley. We stopped occasionally to take on coal and water for the engine, and ice and water for the diner and coaches. Our first change of engines, was at Missouri Valley, at 11:05 A. M., and we arrived at Omaha, Nebraska, at 12:07 P. M., where we stopped for one hour, getting only a glimpse of this beautiful city.

Leaving Omaha, we traveled over the Union Pacific Railroad. We saw a number of fields of corn, but they looked sickly, compared with the tall corn we had seen in Pottawattamie county, Iowa. The general occupation of the farmers through Nebraska was stacking prairie hay, and the stacks were quite numerous. In one field of about 200 acres, we counted fifty-seven stacks of hay.

Most of the journey through Nebraska was made in sight of the beautiful Platte river. This river being more than a mile wide in many places, although it is shallow. At Columbus we crossed the Loup river, which is a narrow, deep river. We

stopped at Columbus five minutes, and were quite favorably impressed with the level country. We noted the sluggish flow of water in the Platte river, as compared to the swift flow of the water in the Loup river.

Passing on we stopped at Grand Island thirty minutes, and changed engines. The city was named Grand Island on account of its location near the large island twenty-one miles long, in the Platte river, just opposite the city. This region is quite level, but looking northward the hilly region is visible.

At Kearney we took on coal and water, and passed on through the region west of Kearney, known as the Indian Battle Ground of 1867.

At North Platte we stopped for the usual supplies, and changed to mountain time. The Buffalo Bill ranch was pointed out to us. It is north of the city.

In traversing the state of Nebraska, we went upgrade at the rate of seven feet to the mile. We traveled a distance of 360 miles, from Omaha, in eight hours and twenty-three minutes. Part of the distance was covered at the rate of sixty-six miles per hour. In western Nebraska we saw several fields of alfalfa, which seems to be a profitable crop in that section. We left Nebraska near Julesburg, where a number of battles had been fought between the Indians and the white settlers, during the period 1865 to 1875.

When we awoke on Wednesday morning, we were in Denver, Colorado, where we left the Union Pacific Railroad, and went over the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway, arriving in Colorado Springs at 7:25 A. M., where our trains were side-tracked until 4:10 A. M. Thursday.

Chapter II

Colorado Springs

Colorado Springs is located just where the mountains and plains meet—near enough to the mountains to be protected in winter from the storms, and to get the cool breezes in the summer time, from the snow-capped mountain, and far enough away to get the last ray of sunshine. Pike's Peak, standing just west of the city, is in a class by itself, on account of its impressive dignity, and distinctive character.

The city railway of Colorado Springs, provided free transportation on their cars for our entire party. This courtesy was appreciated by all of the delegates. We were enabled to see almost the entire city.

Our first ride was to the charming little city of Manitou, at the base of Pike's Peak. Manitou has become famous on account of the sparkling effervescent mineral springs. The waters from these springs have been noted for ages, as the "Healing Waters." Long before the first white settlers came to this region, the savages had learned of the magic qualities of these waters, and had established a neutral zone, where all tribes might come and go freely, without interference. The medicine men of the great tribes directed the disabled warriors to drink of the water at the foot of the Great White Mountain.

Manitou has a municipal water system, bringing pure water from the north slope of Pike's Peak.

The city has a fine library, school, churches, hotels, and a sanitorium. In fact it is a great health resort, with an environment of scenic splendor. A great bath house has been built here at a cost of \$400,000, and is attracting the favorable attention of Americans who have been habitual visitors at foreign health resorts.

We were given special rates over the cog railroad to the top of Pike's Peak. It is impossible to

describe the thrill a person receives on this trip. On account of the rare atmosphere the respiration increases and most of our party became intoxicated on the air, causing us to stagger. On top of the mountain, which is 14,109 feet above sea level, we have an unobstructed view of the surrounding country for a distance of about 100 miles. We saw the famous Cripple Creek mining town which has produced nearly \$3,000,000,000 worth of gold. We were about sixteen miles from it, but it looked to be only a short distance from the cog train.



TOP OF PIKE'S PEAK

We found some snow in the shade of the rocks, and we had a snow battle. We were allowed to ramble over the rocks one hour. We then boarded the train for the return trip. As we had stopped at Mountain View on the way up, and had a group picture taken, the photographer boarded the car on the return trip, and took orders for the pictures. We purchased one which we prize very much.

As we neared the base of the mountain, we received another surprise. Our ears failed to function. At first we were embarrassed while rubbing our ears, but on looking through the car we were

relieved from the embarrassment by seeing most of the passengers doing the same. They were rubbing their ears and looking at others, too.

Let us remember that Lieutenant Pike discovered this noted mountain, in 1806, and vainly tried to reach its crest. He inserted in his report, that he thought no one would ever get to the top of it. Now, the top is reached by a cog railway, and a fine motor highway. The base of the mountain is about six miles from Colorado Springs. The cog railway extends from Manitou, a distance of nine miles, and four hundred seventy-two feet. In this distance an elevation of 7,518 feet is attained. The road was completed October 20, 1890.

When we stepped off the train, we saw Chief Manitou, selling his picture, as well as some trinkets. He informed us that this is his method of getting money to keep his son in college. We bought his picture and enjoyed a song in his native tongue.

Autos were waiting to take us sight-seeing. We, in company with four of the Chicago delegation, secured an auto and driver, and went to the Garden of the Gods. The gateway to the Garden of the Gods, is two large, red sandstones, 300 feet high, and beautifully carved by ages of weathering. These rocks contain sand and quartz, and get the red color from the iron in them. On the right, and near the entrance, is a large white rock. It is gypsum, which is soft and easily carved, and bears a number of inscriptions. We did not stop to carve our names. There are so many queerly shaped rocks here, including the Three Graces, Punch and Judy, Steamboat Rock, Cathedral Spires, Kissing Camels, Bear and Seal, Balanced Rock, and a bunch of rocks called Mushroom Park. They are certainly true to name, and look as natural as though they had been carved by man.

In the Cliff Dweller's canon, we saw a number of curios, including a petrified cliff dweller, and a few of the honey pot ants. These ants live underground. They have one or more doorways to the surface. When the ants hatch, they are all alike, but some of the larger workers are fed with sweets

until the elastic walls of the abdomen becomes distended to about the size of a garden pea. After they have attained this shape and size, the food they eat is converted into honey, and they do not go to the surface, but cling to the roof of their home, only when they come down to disgorge some of the sweets of their honey pots to their fellow workers, or to be fed.

The scenery in William's canon is marvelous. There are walls of stratified rock of various colors according to the texture of the rocks. Scientists claim that at one time, this part of the world was covered by water and these rocks are of sedimentary origin, being composed of sand, clay and lime, hence the different colors.

There are so many different shaped rocks, that by using the imagination, one can see so many strange animal forms. The softer particles of rock have been worn away through ages of erosion. The Siamese Twins are two similarly shaped rocks standing near each other and joined together a few feet above the ground by solid rock of the same texture.

Cathedral Spires is all that is left of the Temple of the Montezuma Indians. This was formerly the place where the Montezumas held all of their ceremonies. There are still some of those Indians living in the Garden of the Gods.

The "Hidden Inn" is a rest house located near the north gateway. The house is constructed on the same plans used by the Indians of the Southwest, and is red, matching the color of the rocks surrounding it. On account of its lofty position, a splendid view is obtained of the entire garden.

The Three Graces are three spiral-shaped rocks, in a cluster, standing about 120 feet high. On account of the similarity these are sometimes called the Three Sisters.

Although we did not care to pay a quarter to touch the Balanced Rock we got a good view of it. This is one of the strangely balanced rocks found in various parts of the country over which the glaciers traveled. When the glaciers melted

away rocks were often left balanced on some other rock by accident.

Leaving these rock formations we were driven up a rather steep incline to the Cave of the Winds but we did not enter the cave. After viewing the scenery from this lofty height we ascended via the Serpentine Trail. We experienced quite a thrill when rounding a sharp curve just at the edge of the steep cliff.

We then started for Seven Falls. Just before reaching the entrance I caught a flying ant in my right ear and suffered excruciating pain for about five minutes until we persuaded it to come out. When we reached the foot of the falls, J. W. and I were the only ones in our party who attempted to climb the stairs leading to the top of the falls. On account of the pain in my ear I went only about half way up, but Brother Jack went over the top and reported to us that we had missed a very beautiful sight.

We then had the driver take us back to Colorado Springs. J. W. and I then took some rides on the street cars and learned that "Tejon" is pronounced "Tahon." This city was founded forty-eight years ago by Gen. W. J. Palmer. He platted the city with broad streets, and some parks. A college was founded, and all the early settlers endeavored to stamp the community as one of culture and refinement. The city now has a number of beautiful hotels, and other large buildings. The region within a radius of fifteen miles around Pike's Peak has the reputation of having more attractions than any similar sized spot in the world.

The feeling which comes over one when seeing these surroundings are somewhat set forth in a piece which we once admired, and will here insert.

A DREAMER

I keep saying to myself—when summer's sizzling so!
I'd like to be down yonder where the honeysuckles grow!
I'd like to find the meadows, with the daisies cool and
 deep;
And have the winds and whip-poor-will to sing me to
 sleep.

And yet, when I was with them—in the shadow of the
pines,
Where the humming bird was browsing in the morning
glory vines.

I was evermore saying, in the lonesome day and night:
“I’d like to be up yonder, where the city shines so
bright!”

It’s still the same old feeling—the restlessness that
seems

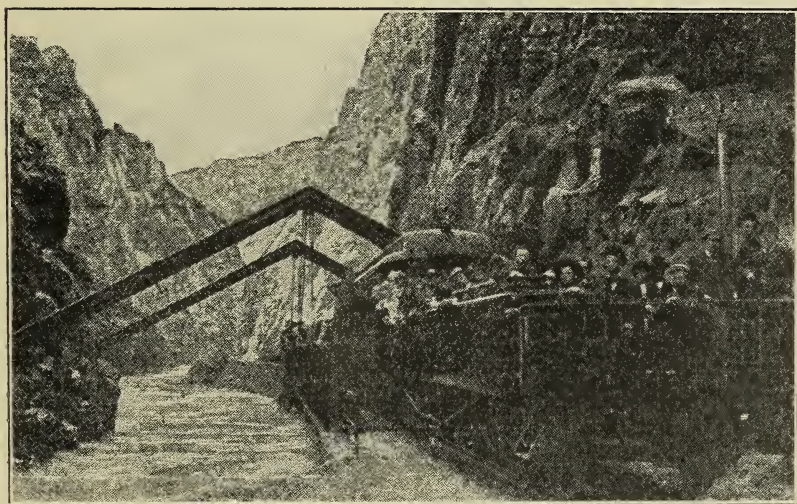
To keep the soul moving for to realize its dreams;
And when we realize them, and reach the highest hill,
We’re longing for the valley, and we’re old-time dreamers
still.

—Selected

Chapter III

Through the Royal Gorge

Leaving Colorado Springs at 4:10 A. M., Thursday, over the Denver & Rio Grande Western, we went to Pueblo, forty miles south, where we stopped for only a few minutes. Here we turned westward and reached the Royal Gorge a few minutes after 8 o'clock. Before entering the gorge an observation car was attached to our train and we were enabled to get a good view of the scenery. The gorge is eight miles long and the walls are perpendicular in some places. The bed of the gorge is 5,494 feet above sea level and the highest



ROYAL GORGE, COLORADO

wall is 2,627 feet above the roadbed. The train does a great deal of winding to get through this region. This is the grand canyon of the Arkansas river and affords very beautiful scenery. One thing attracting our attention was a fissure in the granite rock, several hundred feet high, and it seemed to be as straight as though an ax had split it. At one place the gorge is so narrow that the railroad is supported by a suspension bridge fastened in the walls of rock on each side.

The Arkansas river dashes triumphantly along and at times the track and canyon seems blocked by the red granite walls, sparkling with mica, and at other times seems lost in the distance. In the narrow part the sky seems to be a mere thread of blue overhead. In some places the curves are so abrupt we could see only two coaches ahead of us and soon we were turning the other way. The expression "nature is wonderful," was very forcibly impressed upon us as we viewed these rocky walls so beautifully carved by nature.

In a number of places we saw stratified rocks, standing on edge, as they had been left by the upheaval of that region caused by the cooling of the interior of the earth. Some of these rocks, several hundred feet high, were tilted and looked as though they might fall yet they have been in that position for centuries. The outer edges of most of the rocks are being broken up by weathering. In a few places we saw small rocks that had fallen into the crevices and at one place we saw small particles of rock moving slowly downward caused by the jarring of the train.

At Parkdale the observation car was left on the siding and we resumed our sight-seeing from our Pullman window.

After leaving the Royal Gorge we passed through some nice farming country in the valleys and saw many fields of alfalfa. The people living in this region seem to be as happy and independent as we people in Iowa.

We reached Tennessee Pass at 1:30 P. M., and stopped a few minutes. The air is pure and invigorating. Tennessee Pass is 10,240 feet above sea level. Near this place our attention was called to a mountain several miles to the south, known as the "Mount of the Holy Cross." This mountain is 14,006 feet high and has a number of valleys filled with snow, and at that distance and angle they appear to resemble a white cross.

We reached Glenwood springs at 5:10 P. M., where we spent two hours enjoying the bracing air. Glenwood Springs is 5,758 feet above sea level and is near the canons of the upper Colorado

which has its headwaters here. This city is noted for its hot springs, open air bathing pool, and a vapor cave. It is also headquarters for the supplies of hunters of the big game in that vicinity.

There are a number of beautiful parks among the mountains throughout this region. Many of the wild animals are kept in them to enable those who are traveling through and have little time, to see what the early settlers had to guard from their homes, and bring from their hiding places.

Chapter IV

In Salt Lake City, and Beyond.

We reached Salt Lake City at 10:20 A. M., Friday, mountain time. We were allowed only four hours here. The street car company sent special street cars to the depot to meet us and had a guide accompany each car. The guide called our attention to all the places of interest as we passed along.

We went so rapidly we did not have time to make many notes so we can only give a description of part of the scenes we enjoyed. Looking straight ahead of the car we saw the statue of Brigham Young and wondered how we could get past it but the car lines make a large curve around it. The monument stands at the head of Main street and was designed by C. E. Dallan, and cost \$30,000. The statue of Brigham Young is standing on top and the two ideal figures on the sides represent a trapper, and an Indian. A bronze relief tablet represents the pioneers camping at night. The names of the first company of Utah pioneers are carved on a lettered tablet.

We were then shown through the capitol, and saw many important relics. One thing which attracted our attention was a lump of coal. They claim it is the largest lump ever mined. It is five feet square, ten feet high, and weighs eleven tons. The cost of mining and transporting it to the capitol was over \$2,000. The capitol is one of the finest in the country and was finished in 1915. It is 156 feet by 404 feet, with a dome sixty-four feet in diameter. Fifty-two granite columns forty-two feet high, grace the exterior.

We were next taken to the old Mormon church building where we were treated to an illustrated lecture on scenes in the different parts of Utah. A few minutes before noon we were marched into the tabernacle for the organ recital which is held daily, except Sunday, at twelve o'clock. The doors are closed at twelve o'clock and no person is ad-

mitted during the recital. This is the most famous organ in the United States. The recital was a rare treat and lasted forty-five minutes. The tabernacle is one of the largest structures for religious worship in the world. It was commenced September 1, 1865, and finished in 1867. It is 150 feet by 250 feet and eighty feet high. It will comfortably seat 8,000 people. The roof, which has no center support, rests upon forty-four sandstone



BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT
SALT LAKE CITY

piers three feet thick, nine feet wide, and twenty feet high. The beautiful Mormon temple stands in front. We were informed that no one is allowed in the temple unless they are 100 per cent Mormon. The temple cost \$4,000,000 and was under course of construction from 1853 until 1893.

Free transportation was given all who cared to

go to the bath house, but we decided we would let the others go and we would get a good feed.

Salt Lake City is proud of its school system, having thirty-six elementary schools, seven junior high schools, and two senior high schools. The latest one, West High, having just been completed at a cost of \$784,000.

One beautiful feature of the streets of Salt Lake City is that the standard width is 132 feet, allowing ample room for double tracks for street cars, without fear of congestion of other traffic.

We think of Utah as a state of little consequence except for the scenery, but it is a very rich state, having the greatest silver mining camp in the world. It has 177 known minerals, thirty-seven canning factories, nineteen sugar factories, and raises abundant crops of strawberries, prunes, cherries, pears, peaches, apples, potatoes, onions and sugar beets.

About fifteen people from the two sections failed to heed the warning to be at the train at 2 P. M., and they had to catch the regular train which followed us and did not catch us until the following forenoon. A few miles west of Salt Lake City we saw the beautiful salt lake. The Western Pacific, over which we traveled to Oakland, has built a bridge across the southern end of the lake which affords one a very pleasant ride. We were told that the bridge is fifty miles long. The water in the lake is clear and in the shallow places, where the water evaporates, great areas of salt are visible.

When we reached the mountainous region west of Salt Lake we were surprised to see so many engines. In our ascent we were pulled by two engines and twice we also noticed one engine pushing our train.

In going down the western slope, we passed through the beautiful Feather river canyon for a distance of about 100 miles. The water in this river is reddish-brown in color. In going through this canyon the sun was hidden from sight in many places by the high rock walls and we were

real chilly. In this 100 miles we dropped 4,080 feet.

About ten miles from the canyon we stopped at Oroville, California, where we thawed out in a few minutes. A thermometer, on a post near the depot, registered 110 degrees. Oroville boasts of the fact that fruit ripens six weeks earlier there than any place else in California. About twenty-six miles from Oroville we came upon a straight stretch of track for about thirty-eight miles. Through this entire region we saw large grape vineyards, where small piles of grapes were lying in the sunshine to finish ripening. Irrigation ditches are numerous throughout this region. The heat was so oppressive. The brakeman told us that the people begin work in the fields and vineyards in the evening and work all night by the use of portable electric lights. The orchards and vineyards extend all the way through there to Oakland.

Chapter V

In Oakland and San Francisco

We reached Oakland at 6:10 P. M., Saturday evening, September 8th. A fleet of autos were at the depot to take us to our headquarters at Hotel Oakland. So many reservations had been made that we could not get a room there and were escorted to the Hotel St. Mark, and were fortunate in securing a large room which we shared with Delegates Woodward from Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Dulaney from Tulsa, Oklahoma.



Outside of our convention hours we were royally entertained by the committee from the Oakland local, and the San Francisco local. The city railway also gave a helping hand by allowing us free transportation on the street cars and their ferry boats across the bay. Monday, September 10th, was a legal holiday in California, and in due respect for the state law, our convention met for a short session and adjourned. The city railway sent special cars to the auditorium and took us to the pier where a special boat was waiting to take us for a spin on the bay. We left the pier at 11:45 A. M. and were taken all around the bay, a distance of about forty-seven miles. The fog was

heavy enough to permit us to see the eclipse of the sun without the use of smoked glass. We were near the San Quentin federal prison. While sailing we were served with three kinds of sandwiches and coffee. We landed at 3 P. M., and were taken in special cars to Oakland.

Oakland has well been named the "Beauty Spot of the World." Oakland has twenty-nine miles of water front, and with its suburban towns of Berkeley on the north, San Leandro and Piedmont on the east, and Alameda on the south, all in one corporation, has a population of 400,000. In the past eighteen months, projects totaling nearly \$90,000,000, decided upon locating in this section.

The beautiful city hall has been completed at a cost of \$2,000,000 and is a magnificent structure, being 400 feet to the top of the spire.

The municipal auditorium, having a seating capacity of 13,000, cost \$1,000,000 and is near the edge of Lake Merritt. Lake Merritt, covering 160 acres of land, is the only salt water lake inside the limits of any city in the world.

The city has forty-four playgrounds, recreation centers and thirty-seven parks, covering 419 acres.

In the city are located 1,500 manufacturing establishments, employing 55,000 workers, with an annual payroll of \$60,000,000. These factories turn out 18,000 different products.

Oakland covers sixty and one-fourth square miles, and has 150 church buildings, also forty-seven grade schools and five high schools, with a total enrollment of 40,000 pupils.

The main shopping district covers twenty-four square blocks, and throughout the residence section are scattered numerous stores and factories. One of the finest depots of the Southern Pacific system, is located in Oakland, at the western end of Sixteenth street.

We studied our program very closely and found we were to go to Neptune beach on Friday evening, September 14th, for a dinner to be served at 6:30 P. M. The dinner was enjoyed to the fullest extent. Then we partook of some of the amusements, viz., roller coaster, merry-go-round, etc.,

and returned to our room about 10 o'clock and wrote some cards to the friends back home.

By working overtime in the convention hall we were able to complete the business and close the convention on Saturday evening. One of the greatest things we did for our organization was to re-elect W. D. Mahon as president of the International organization.

On Sunday afternoon, in response to an invitation extended to us by the street car men of the municipal system in San Francisco, we crossed the bay and found sixty seven-passenger touring cars waiting for us. We could not all get in them and we were held a few minutes until ten more large cars could be secured from a garage. In this sight-seeing trip we were preceded by the chief of police, and escorted by two motor-cycle police.

We were taken through Chinatown, comprising twenty square blocks, and inhabited by 15,000 Chinese. We then went down past the ship yards and docks, and back past the Ferry building. As we were near the street car loop, a Market street car, operated by non-union men, attempted to cut through our procession. The traffic policeman yelled at the motorman and said: "Don't you dare cut through there."

We rode on past the old World's Fair Ground, and past the large guns which protect the harbor. As we drove past the bathing beach we saw hundreds of automobiles parked and it looked like there were thousands of people on the beach, also hundreds of seals on the rocks. The beach looked very inviting, but we were not permitted to stop and enjoy it.

We passed on to Cypress Lawn cemetery, where we placed a wreath on the grave of Brother Richard Cornelius, one of the pioneer executive board members of the Amalgamated Association. International Vice President Fitzgerald, and Secretary Reeves made some very fitting remarks in relating some of the works of the departed brother.

We then embarked in our autos for the return trip to the Ferry building. We were travelling at the rate of forty miles per hour down Market

street, when the car bearing the police chief passed us. Our driver said: "We will follow him." He stepped on the accelerator, and our speedometer registered forty-seven miles per, and we were dodging here and there around autos and street cars, but the chief got away from us. That ride was certainly a thriller. We passed the United States mint, but did not know it until we were a safe distance past it. The mint is east of Market street between Fifth and Sixth streets. We reached the Ferry building in safety, and crossed the bay on the regular boat, and found special cars at the pier, to take us to the hotels.

On our two visits to San Francisco, we saw only a few of the sights. Looking up Market street from the Ferry building we see the famous Twin Peaks, on top of which is a 10,000,000 gallon salt water reservoir for the city's high pressure fire protection system. The city has bored a tunnel 12,000 feet long through the peaks. The municipal car line "K" operates from the Ferry building, along Market street, and through the tunnel to Sloat.

The Golden Gate, of which we have often heard, was discovered on October 31, 1769. It is a strait about five miles long, with an average width of two miles, and is about sixty feet deep at low tide. All ships that sail through the Panama canal bound for the Orient, stop at San Francisco, for fresh water and supplies.

The Presidio is a tract of land comprising 1,500 acres, bordering the Golden Gate. It is a military reservation belonging to the United States government. It was first occupied by the Spaniards in 1776. A very beautiful drive has been made through the reservation.

Not far away is the Golden Gate park, composed of 1,013 acres. This park is designed for the entertainment of visitors of all ages. There are the children's playground, tennis and croquet courts, baseball grounds, swings of all descriptions, and goats and donkeys for the children to ride, as well as the comfortable seats in the shady and quiet nooks. Then there are the deer, elk, moose,

kangaroo, grizzly bear and buffalo, to entertain all ages.

There is a statue of a man in the posture of one in deep study. He is known as "The Thinker."

Our attention was called to the Dutch Windmill. It is a large mill and is built like the windmills used in Holland.

We spent some time watching the swan and other water fowls on Stowe lake, which is surrounded by such lovely vegetation. A number of people were out rowing. This is the most beautiful park ever visited by the writer.

We walked through the conservatory containing orchids, and most all kinds of tropical vegetation. In the museum are to be found a wonderful collection of pictures, relics, statuary, etc.

The Temple of Music was erected and presented by Claus Spreckles to the Golden Gate park. Shade trees protect the audience seated in the open air. The free band concerts every Sunday and holiday in the year attract a crowd that makes the seating capacity of 2,000 inadequate.

We saw the beautifully decorated Japanese tea garden but we did not stop to partake of the tea and rice cakes for which they are noted.

On Market street we find San Francisco's civic center, composed of four large buildings, viz., city hall, public library, state building, and auditorium. These buildings have been grouped around a very beautiful plaza. The auditorium cost \$2,000,000 and has a seating capacity of 12,000. We were told that it also has a large organ which cost \$63,500. The auditorium is so arranged that twenty-one conventions can be housed at one time.

In striking contrast to this magnificent structure is the oldest building in San Francisco. It is an adobe edifice, known as Mission Dolores. It was built in 1782, and is still in a fine state of preservation.

San Francisco boasts of having 1,589 hotels and rooming houses, and 2,300 apartment houses.

On the evening of September 16, 1923, the entire delegation and friends, numbering about 750,

were entertained at a banquet in the Hotel Oakland. We were entertained with music and some very inspiring speeches by Mayor Davies, Congressman James McLafferty, Superintendent of Transportation James Potter, General Manager Geo. Harris, Dr. John Savage, Commissioner Frank Colburn, and W. D. Mahon, Fitzgerald, and McMorrow of the Amalgamated Association. At 11:05 P. M. a vote of thanks was extended to the entertainment committee for their wonderful care of the entire delegation during the entire time. The committee was commended for having done more for the entertainment of the delegates than had been done at any previous convention of the association. Three cheers were given for W. D. Moorehead, chairman of the committee. He certainly is a live wire for entertainment. He was formerly a street car man, and was elected to the city council.

After bidding farewell to a number of fellow delegates Brother Jack and I went to our room and prepared for our departure.

Chapter VI

The Shasta Route

We boarded the Southern Pacific "Oregonian" at the station on Sixteenth street at 1:05 A. M., Monday. As soon as we could arrange for a berth, we turned in. Before we went to sleep we noticed the train had stopped, then started again and was not making any noise, but seemed to have a rocking motion. After while we heard a steamboat whistle but still could not realize the cause of the sensation. The next morning we questioned the porter and learned that our train had been transported across the Suisun bay on the ferry boat Solano. This boat is capable of carrying thirty-six cars and two engines. It operates between Port Costa and Benicia, California, a distance of one mile. The Suisun bay receives most of its water from the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and empties into San Pablo bay, an arm of San Francisco bay.

When we awakened on Monday morning we were travelling up the lovely Sacramento valley. The soil is a mixture of red and yellow in color. The water in the river has a yellowish tint, and the gray crags on each side give it a very beautiful appearance.

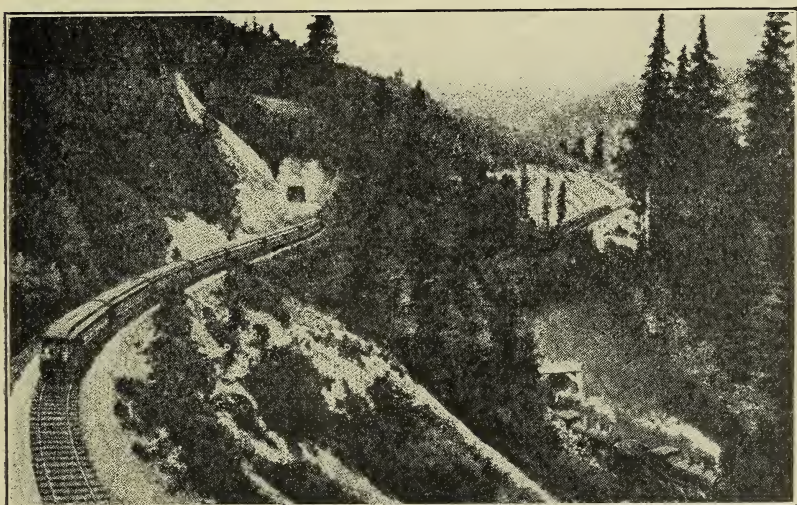
There are a great many fruit farms in the valley, and the mountains form a splendid background. Most of the mountains are covered with pine trees.

Near Red Bluff we got a good view of Lassen volcano, the only active volcano in North America, but it seemed to be asleep at this time. It is an imposing sight, being cone shaped, but not as sharp as one would imagine. It towers hundreds of feet above the surrounding country and is covered near the base by pine trees and having some snow in the ravines on the north slope.

Passing on up the canyon we beheld new beauties. The roadbed is only a few feet from the river which is small at this place. The pine

trees which tower a hundred or more feet high give the air an odor very invigorating. At one place we looked out on a wide place in the river. On one side was a rocky beach, on the other side the shore was covered with small pine trees. In the distance, towering several thousand feet high, are immense rock formations known as Castle Crag.

Dotting the mountain, here and there, are small mining camps. In some places we could see a hole in the side of the mountain, and below was a pile of dirt of a very much different color which had been dug from the interior of the earth and car-



THE CANTARA LOOP

ried out by the miner. We were told that some of these holes are five hundred feet straight into the side of the mountain. In a few places we saw them using the hydraulic method of mining.

At Castella, California, we thought we had reached the end of the world. To the right of our train was the stream of water. On both sides and straight ahead we could see nothing but pine trees covering the mountains. But when the train started we rounded a sharp curve to the left, and after meandering among the mountains and crossing the stream, we came to the beautiful

moss brae falls, near Shasta Springs. For more than half a mile, along the right side of the track, was a moss covered ledge with water flowing over it. This water comes from the snow melting miles away on Mount Shasta. Then we stopped at Shasta Springs five minutes to give all the passengers a chance to taste the soda water from the springs. Shasta Springs is a village at the west base of the mountain, 325 miles from San Francisco.

At the eighteenth crossing of the Sacramento river is a large loop, called the Cantara loop. The train makes the loop and passes back in the direction from which it came but at a higher altitude.

Although we were in sight of Mount Shasta for about five hours our best view of it was from Sisson, California. The top of the mountain is 14,444 feet above sea level. It is covered with snow all the time. In passing Stewart lake, a beautiful sight to behold, is the reflection of Mount Shasta in the water. The shore of the lake is fringed with small pine trees.

In striking contrast to the snow-capped Shasta is the Black Buttes, several miles farther west, but they can be seen as far away as we can see Mount Shasta. They are not as high, therefore the snow melts, leaving the black rocks visible.

Passing from Hilt, California, to Siskiyou, Oregon, a distance of ten miles, we gained an elevation of 208 feet. Siskiyou is the highest point on the Southern Pacific Shasta route. Our train had been pulled by two engines from Pitt, California, a distance of 134 miles, and one engine was taken off here. When the signal was given to start from Siskiyou the engine and one coach started leaving the balance of the train. They only went about a hundred yards until they stopped and came back. Investigation disclosed the fact that a turnbuckle had broken. Some of the passengers became greatly excited when they heard about the trouble, as they imagined all kinds of catastrophies. Some said if it had broken while we were making the steep climb that we would have gone back down the mountain and have been

killed. This would not have happened as the brakes would have set and prevented the train from going.

In making the ascent to Siskiyou we passed through tunnel fourteen, made a loop of about three-fourths of a mile, passing back within about 200 feet of the tunnel and went through tunnel fifteen. These are called the loop tunnels. In that short loop we gained an elevation of about fifty feet. At Ashland, Oregon, we stopped twenty minutes and ate a chicken dinner at the lunch room. After leaving Ashland we managed to get



COW CREEK CANON

a seat on the observation platform. We were enjoying the scenery along the way but the most beautiful sunset picture we ever saw was on the Rouge river. Wending our way along the banks of the winding river we saw a wagon bridge across the river, and a short distance back was the Gold Ray dam. The colors of the rainbow were very brilliant in the spray from the water falls. The sunset had painted the vegetation a brilliant hue. On the north side of the river is the beautiful Table mountain, and about fifty miles in the distance is the snow-capped Mount Pitt. Farther down the river narrows, flowing between two

rugged, rocky banks known as Hell Gate.

Another lovely sight is Cow Creek canyon. We wondered why this is called Cow Creek, as we did not see any cows, but a look at the milky water answered the question. The famous "Old Man" of Cow Creek canyon is quite a sight. Nature has carved the image of a human head out of solid rock. The back of the head is toward the railroad and the face toward the water. As we rounded the next curve we got a good view of the face. I suppose the man was looking for the cows. This canyon affords abundant scenery, including a number of nooks favorable for fishing.

Darkness having put a stop to our sight-seeing we wrote some post cards and turned in for the night. The next morning we were up and ate breakfast before reaching Portland where we had planned to stop. We are satisfied the Southern Pacific railway has well been named "The Road of a Thousand Wonders."

Chapter VII

Portland and Vicinity

Brother Shireman of Colorado Springs, who had accompanied us, and Brother Jack, arranged for a trip over the Columbia Highway, where they saw some of the wonders of Oregon. As I had two cousins living in Portland and an aunt and her family living in Vancouver, Washington, I decided to visit them. I called at the home of cousin Philip Wilson first and was taken to see cousin Carrie. Then Philip took me in his \$5,000 car to see part of Portland.

Portland is a city of about 370,000 population, situated on the Willamette river, which flows into the Columbia twelve miles north of the city. The location has placed Portland among the most attractive cities of America, lying amid a landscape of hills and dales. The business section covers a large area, with fine, well paved streets. There are many twelve-story buildings, all impressive of the thriving condition of this section of our country. Portland might well be called the "City of Roses." The residential sections are most attractive on account of the abundance of roses. The various colored roses have grown over trellises and arbors, and line the sidewalks on each side of the street.

The city is rapidly increasing in all kinds of manufacture. The principle lines being ship-building, lumbering and its by-products, fruit canning and packing. The city has twenty-one banks which are doing a prosperous business. There are 520 miles of paved streets in the city.

The building which attracts the most attention, perhaps, is the Forestry Building, called the "Lewis and Clark Memorial." It was made from medium-sized logs from the forests of Oregon to commemorate the expedition led by Lewis and Clark into that region in 1804-05.

The post office grounds occupy an entire city block. The three-story stone building is sur-

rounded by a well kept lawn, dotted promiscuously by flower beds and a few pine trees.

Portland has a beautiful harbor at which many of the large ships stop. Much lumber is loaded here and shipped south. One large log brought in from the forest measured fourteen feet and nine inches in diameter. Most of the logs are floated down the river in rafts to the large mills. From northern California up into Canada is one immense forest, but lumbering has been carried on throughout this region to such an extent that the government has established more than a hun-



LARGE TIMBER IN OREGON

dred forest reserves, and most of them are in the western highlands. Strict laws have been made to regulate lumbering and prevent the waste of trees.

The largest of these trees is the sequoia. It is much like the spruce tree, but as it grows the lower limbs are dropped and a bare column without a branch for two hundred feet becomes deeply ridged and as stiff as a granite pillar. There it stands 300 feet high, the loftiest peak of the vegetable world. It requires 1,500 years for these trees to grow up while its neighbors (other species) are all dead at five hundred years of age. In a number of instances a wagon road has been

made through the base of the tree.

The mines have used enormous quantities of the timber for props and the railroads have stripped the forests for ties, telegraph poles, bridge timbers, water tanks, etc.

Now most of the waste material is converted into paper of which many boxes are made. An immense amount of lumber is used in making boxes in which the fruits of this section are marketed.

One machine attracting our attention but which we did not get to examine is the combination harvester. The machine is pulled through the field by thirty-three horses. As the machine moves along it cuts and threshes the grain. The grain is run through a chute into a wagon which is pulled alongside the machine by two horses. These machines are used extensively in the northwestern grain producing section of our country.

We saw Multnomah falls at a distance. The falls is one of the wonders of the Columbia river highway. It is a series of falls, the first fall is about 700 feet in height and the next one is about seventy feet high. From here the water flows over the rocks and under a bridge, then down to unite with the mighty Columbia.

In crossing the immense "Pacific Highway Interstate Bridge," which spans the Columbia river, I was permitted to pay the toll of five cents for each person and the same for an auto.

We were now in the beautiful little city of Vancouver, Washington. We went to the home of my Aunt Jane Wilson. After visiting with her for a while, Philip and I went down town where Uncle William has a real estate office. I had not seen uncle since November, 1893, and knew I would not be recognized so I went in alone and was negotiating for the purchase of a town property, and getting by with it. Philip came in grinning and queered the deal. After a brief visit at the office uncle took me over the town. We went to one of the large saw mills. In just a few minutes' time a large log is sawed into boards of various dimensions which are carried by revolving

rollers to the different departments. Men are stationed along the carrier and each man takes charge of his particular part.

The larger lumber yards convey lumber from the mill to the yard, or to the loading platform by means of cables. The cables are suspended from high towers and it is certainly a wonderful sight to watch a large pile of lumber floating through the air, under the cable, just like we see the basket in the department store go to the cashier or wrapping clerk.

We enjoyed a ride through the prune orchards. The crop was so heavy that the tops of many of the trees were broken down. We visited a dryer and saw and ate prunes in all stages of the process of preparation for market. The vats or ovens are very large. Some of them hold four tons of fruit. The raw prunes are put into shallow trays about two feet wide and three feet long. These are put into the outer end of the oven on slanting cleats, which cause the tray to slide to the front of the oven where it is removed when the fruit is dry enough. These ovens are of different sizes. Some of them contain six trays in a tier and fifteen tiers to a row, and are six rows long, holding a total of 540 trays. When a tray of dry prunes is taken out a tray of raw fruit is put in the back of the oven. When dried they are put into sacks and taken to the packing house where they are packed into boxes for the market.

We also visited a canning factory where they were canning prunes. The prunes are dumped into a vat of warm water and are then carried along a belt to the sorters. A number of ladies are stationed along the belt and examine the prunes, putting the good ones into cans. These cans are then placed on another belt and carried through the cooker. This belt moves slowly, allowing the prunes to cook as they are carried through the intense heat. As they come out of that cooker lids are put on the cans and they pass on into another vat and are cooked some more, then as they come out the lids are soldered on and they are carried on to a platform where they

are shoved off the belt ready to be cased for the market.

After spending the night at the home of Uncle William and Aunt Jane and eating very heartily, we bade them good-bye and boarded the Southern Pacific train at 8:40 A. M., September 19th, and soon located the two pals I had left in Portland the day before. The journey was made over the Northern Pacific to Seattle. We were in sight of the beautiful Columbia for a distance of about thirty miles.

Our attention was called to the fruit farms and an occasional field of wheat. During this part of the journey we encountered very few mountains. At Castle Rock, sixty miles from Portland, at 10:15 A. M., we noticed some mist and soon after leaving the station we had to close the window on account of rain. We did not see the sun again until Saturday morning. We encountered some fog which kept us from seeing far from the car window. We spent some time writing cards which we mailed from Chamber's Prairie.

At Tacoma we stopped ten minutes and went into the lunch room, as usual. After leaving Tacoma we were enjoying the scenery and we heard the brakeman yell: "Pay all up." We knew we had paid for our lunch, and on inquiry we found he was only announcing the next station, Puyallup.

We were now getting glimpses of Puget sound and part of the time we were riding along the shore. We saw many wild ducks and geese, also thousands of sea gulls.

We arrived at Seattle at 2:45 P. M., and engaged a room at the Hotel Seattle. Brother Shireman called his relatives in Seattle on the phone and arranged to meet them. We had enjoyed his company very much, but like the others, he had plans and we had to bid him adieu.

I called my cousin, whom I had not seen for thirty years, and was directed to the house. Brother Jack would not accept an invitation to accompany me so I left him alone until after supper. I enjoyed the short visit and the supper with cousin and her two daughters. Her husband

was working and I did not have the pleasure of meeting him.

Seattle is called the "Queen City of the West." It is located on the east coast of Puget sound and has Lake Washington for its eastern boundary. The city covers over ninety-eight square miles of which thirty-nine are water surface in Green Lake, toward the north end of the city, also in Union bay, Union lake and a canal connecting Lake Washington with the sound. The city has 194 miles of water front, and has a number of parks comprising 2,000 acres.

Seattle boasts of a population of 370,000 with no slum district. It is a very prosperous city.

The dock and cargo handling facilities, costing over \$20,000,000, are unequalled on the Pacific coast. Immense quantities of lumber are shipped from here to foreign countries and to southern ports. Coal, copper, gold, furs and fish are received from Alaska. In fact, Seattle is the distributing market for all the products from Alaska.

Darkness and the fog prevented a good view of the L. C. Smith Building, but we were told that it is a forty-two story building. This building has an elevator dispatcher with a very remarkable memory. The occupants of the building claim that he should be considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

In this building are 600 offices, and 2,500 occupants, and he is able to tell the location of each; also he can tell the office location of people who have moved from this building years before. Mr. Dykes, manager of the building, takes delight in having people meet Mr. Langseth so he can give an exhibition of his memory. We will give a few of the many questions asked by visitors in the building.

"Where can I find Mr. D. E. Skinner?" was a question asked him.

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Skinner is out of the city. He planned to go first to Washington, D. C., from where, after transacting some business, he will leave for Cuba, for a visit of a few weeks. It will probably be two months before he returns."

"I'm looking for the office of the L. R. Fifer Lumber Co.," said another visitor. "What floor is it on?"

"The company moved its office three years ago," replied Mr. Langseth. "If you are looking for L. R. Fifer, you will find him in the Stuart building. If you wish to see his son, you'll have to go to the Henry building."

"Little Jimmy Collins works as an office boy somewhere in this building. His mother is sick. Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"Is he a little fellow, wearing his first long trousers, with red hair, and a tooth out in front?"

"That's Jimmy."

"Well, Jimmy comes down the elevator just about this time on his way out with the mail. There he comes now."

"How are you able to do it?" he was asked.

"By observation and a close study of my work," replied Mr. Langseth. "Last fall I made up a directory of my own of every person in the building, in my own handwriting. When a man writes things down he is not so likely to forget them."

Mr. Langseth notices some peculiarities of nearly every person in the building. He notices that one person is good-natured and likes to be greeted each morning, another person is surly, and wants to be left entirely alone. He says that no two persons take off their coat the same. He has been in charge of the eight elevators in this building about four years. People in the city claim that no other building has such efficient service.

Chapter VIII

Crossing the Border

On Thursday morning we boarded the Canadian Pacific steamer "Princess Victoria," and left Seattle at 9 o'clock. We landed at Victoria, eighty-one miles out, at 1:15 P. M., where we spent one hour. We went through part of the city.

Victoria is the capital of British Columbia. It is beautifully situated on the southeast extremity of Vancouver island, with the snow-capped Mount Baker in the background. The magnificent parliament buildings, Beacon Hill park, and Chinatown are some of the principle attractions.

The Dominion observatory, containing one of the two great telescopes of the world, is situated on Observation Hill, and commands one of the finest views of the Pacific coast. Many of the buildings here are built on the style used by the early English architects. We saw a number of modern looking buildings, one of which was ten stories high.

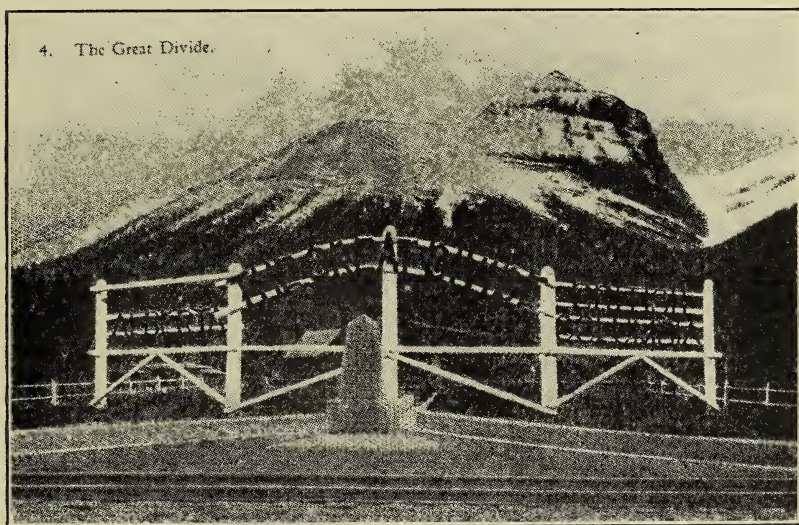
As we returned to the wharf to resume our journey we were impressed with the beauty of the harbor. The harbor is small with a narrow entrance, which prevents the large ocean steamers from landing.

The red-coated marines looked rather odd to us. A number of them seemed to be sight-seeing as we were.

We were told that the people from the main land call Victoria the home of the "Moss-backs," on account of the inhabitants being so slow and easy-going. We were also informed that the Indians are the laborers in Canada, taking the place of the negroes of the south. The Indians live in a village away from the city. Their homes are rude huts, some are square, and some are oblong. Sometimes several families build a large hut and live in it without partitions. They simply divide the space which is sometimes designated by a mark on the floor or on the wall.

Leaving Victoria at 2:15 P. M. we sailed for Vancouver. This part of our journey seemed more perilous than the first part as the fog was quite dense at times and we were dodging among so many islands it seemed we surely could not miss all of them but we seemed to be guided by the Divine hand.

We landed in Vancouver at 7 P. M. in a drizzling rain. A number of cabs were at the wharf to take guests to the various hotels. Being neutral we climbed into a bus which was lighted up. The driver brought a few more people to accompany us. We were taken to Hotel Canada, where we engaged a room. Impelled by hunger we then



THE GREAT DIVIDE

went to find a cafe. Cafes did not seem to be as plentiful as in some places we had been so we dropped into the first one we found. It happened to be a Chinese restaurant. We received a good, clean supper, cheaper than we expected. We learned that the Chinese are treated like the proverbial dog, being kicked by everybody. People grumble at them, newspapers slam them, labor unions denounce them, yet the knockers would be at their wit's end if the government would prohibit Chinese immigration. At present each of

the Chinese who comes to Canada is taxed fifty dollars, yet the other foreigners, including Japanese, are admitted free.

The next morning we arose early and after eating breakfast we started out to see the city. Vancouver is less than fifty years old. It was laid out in a wilderness of tall pines but has been made into a beautiful city by the older settlers. The city has been expanding and many of the old residences have been retained; it is a common sight to see a residence with a beautiful lawn between two department stores in the business section.

We boarded a Robson car and went to the end of the line. After walking a few blocks we came out onto the beach on English bay. I took off my shoes and waded out into the water and bathed my feet, but Brother Jack was afraid of so much water so he did not indulge.

We then spent some time gathering shells and a few pebbles on the beach. We wended our way to Stanley park which consists of about a thousand acres, and is famous for its primitive beauty and wealth of foliage and giant trees. Stanley park occupies the entire end of the peninsula, northwest of the city.

The Japanese monument and Lumbermen's arch are two beautiful sights in the park. We were amused at sight of a totem pole leaning against a large tree. The totem poles are not as plentiful as in years gone by. It was the custom of the Indians who had any wealth to erect a totem in front of the house and the height of the pole indicated the amount of wealth. The younger Indians do not use the totem as they wish to be more like the white people.

Going back toward the city we saw a number of large buildings and spacious homes surrounded with those wonderful flowers for which the Pacific coast is noted. The court house is a three-story building with a nice lawn on two sides with a number of comfortable seats.

The union station and the Canadian Pacific station are both immense. The post office is a five-

story building. The Dominion building is one of their sky scrapers, having thirteen stories.

The Canadian Pacific Pier "D" is one of the busiest places in the city. Goods are constantly being unloaded for shipment on the large vessels, and the incoming goods hauled away for distribution.

Vancouver, although an old-fashioned city, enjoys all the comforts and most of the luxuries of civilization, including electric service of all kinds. The city's water supply is piped from a stream in the mountains. Most of the coal for steam raising purposes is brought from Nanaimo, a city on Vancouver island. The Canadian Pacific railway depends upon this coal for its steamship service to China, and on the railway to the top of the Rockies.

Vancouver is the terminus of four trans-continental railways and also has three harbors with more than eighty miles of water front. The Dominion government has one of the best equipped wharves on the Pacific coast, costing \$1,500,000, also a grain elevator costing the same amount.

An immense amount of wheat is shipped here from the interior for shipment to other ports. Some of it is made into flour here.

This city seems to be the central market for the lumber industry of Canada. This region contains some large trees which vie with those of the northwestern part of the United States.

In viewing the luxurious growth of vegetation throughout this region an old poem is brought to mind which we will here insert.

GET OUT OF DOORS

Get out of doors! 'Tis there you'll find
The better things of heart and mind.
Get out beneath some stretch of sky
And watch the white clouds drifting by,
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made.

Go wade a trout stream in the spring
And brother with the birds a-wing;
Know what it means to wander far,
Your guide, the sun or evening star.
Who sleeps beneath the open sky
Soon grows too big to tell a lie.

Get out of doors! The fields are clean,
The woods will teach you nothing mean.
Who toils beneath the summer sun
Sleeps soundest when his work is done.
If splendid manhood you would know,
Get out where you've a chance to grow.

Read deeply kindly nature's books,
Familiarize yourself with brooks,
And with the majesty of trees,
The constant industry of bees,
And all that shapes the Master's plan—
They'll teach you how to be a man.

Chapter IX

Through the Canadian Rockies

On account of the fog we decided to leave Vancouver at 4 P. M., so we left many of the sights unseen. Having checked out at the hotel we went to the Canadian Pacific depot where we boarded the Trans-Canada Limited, which is Canada's finest train. Our train rolled out from the station and soon crossed Fraser river and travelled upward through its beautiful valley. Near the mouth of this river are many wharves, where the large freighters load the lumber for shipment to foreign ports.

At Yale, 102 miles from the mouth, we reach the head of navigation and enter the wonderful Fraser canyon. Ascending the canyon our train rolls across bridges spanning chasms, then through tunnels. In many places the river is obstructed by masses of rock producing beautiful waterfalls.

At North Bend we ate lunch at Fraser Canyon House. We noticed a few queer looking men. By asking a few questions of a bystander we were informed that they are called Siwashes. They are an undersized tribe of Indians who live in the vicinity. Their meager living is made by doing chores for the white men and by fishing. Their houses differ from the houses of the white men chiefly in odor. He said most of them have a veranda used for a pantry where they store their fish. Some of their fish becomes ancient before they are used. They also store their valuables in the pantry.

After leaving North Bend the darkness shuts from sight some of the beauties of the canyon. The story of the discovery of this river is interesting. Mr. Fraser was in the employ of the North Western Fur Co., and in company with some helpers, he traversed the region from the headwaters of the Peace river in search of fur-bearing animals. They came upon this stream which they

thought was the Columbia river. As they passed down in their canoes they encountered many bands of hostile Indians and finally reached tide-water, only to learn it was not the Columbia but a new river which was later named in honor of Mr. Fraser. The hostility of the Indians compelled him to turn back without seeing the sea and fight his way homeward.

When we arose on Saturday morning we saw a very welcome sight. The sun was shining and it was a welcome sight, as we had not seen it since Wednesday when we were north of Portland. The sun reflecting from the great glacier on Mount Sir Donald, 10,808 feet above sea level, was the most wonderful sight we had seen in Canada. Mount Sir Donald is famous for its symmetrical beauty and rises almost 8,000 feet above the railroad. The glacier covers an area of about ten square miles.

We had passed through many tunnels, but the Connaught tunnel is the grandest one we encountered. It is five miles long, leading through Mount McDonald. It has double track the entire length and was completed in twenty-three months at a cost of \$5,500,000. It shortens the distance 4.3 miles and reduces the elevation 522 feet, eliminates five miles of snow sheds and curvatures to the amount of seven complete circles.

A lovely sight in the Kicking Horse basin is from the large curve where the track doubles back and ascends the side of Mount Stephen. There we see the stream with a mountain chain on either side. In the distance the railroad looks like a mere scratch on the side of the mountain. We did not stop to see the Takkakaw falls, which is 1,346 feet high. This is the highest cataract in America, being nearly ten times higher than Niagara Falls.

Near Field is Cathedral mountain 10,284 feet above sea level. At this place three portions of the railroad are seen, where it doubles back in order to make the grade. The greatest piece of tunneling ever attempted in Canada is the Spiral tunnel. It was built in twenty months at a cost

of \$1,500,000. Seventy-five carloads of dynamite were used in blasting the curved path. The grade was reduced to the extent that where a train with four engines could make five miles per hour can now be made by two engines at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour.

Many of us have heard of the Great Divide, in a spiritual sense, but here on the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta we have it in a physical sense. The Canadian Pacific railway has built a beautiful arch here with a monument in front. This point is 5,326 feet above sea level. Our train stopped for ten minutes and we enjoyed the sight. Looking south we saw a beautiful snow-capped mountain. The snow near the base melts and flows north in a mere ditch, about a foot wide at this place. The water from the ditch empties into a cement trough, and part of it is started eastward toward the Saskatchewan river and finally reaches Hudson bay, while the other part goes westward through the Columbia system to the Pacific ocean. The writer filled a bottle with the pure, sparkling water at this place.

Dropping down the eastern slope we come to the city Lake Louise, named in honor of the beautiful lake, which we did not get to see. We were told it is 5,670 feet above sea level and that the water is clear yet it seems to change color by mirroring in its wonderful depths the sombre forests and cliffs that rise from its shores on either side, the gleaming white glacier, the snow-crowned peaks that fill the background of the picture, and the blue sky and fleecy clouds overhead. On the shore of the lake the Canadian Pacific railway operates a hotel containing 265 bedrooms. On account of the cold winter the hotel is only in operation from June 1st to September 30th.

On our way eastward from Lake Louise we see Castle Mountain, a precipice 5,000 feet above the surrounding country. It is eight miles long and resembles a castle.

Chapter X

Banff and Vicinity

Our train rolled into Banff at 2:52 P. M., on Saturday, and as we had planned to stop here, we took our grips and walked down Lynx street to the Homestead hotel where we checked the grips and were given a free ride to a cafe. We ate dinner and were then taken in an auto to the Cave and Basin, about a mile up in the mountain.

We engaged bathing suits and went into the small pool in which the water has a temperature of eighty-two degrees. The water comes from the cave which will be described later, and is constantly bubbling up from the bottom. A stream of cold water comes in at the side of the pool. About 10,000 gallons of water pass through this pool each hour. While we were enjoying our swim some boys who had been in for some time, climbed out on the mountain side and began pelting us with snowballs. That was not as bad as it sounds. On account of the temperature of the water the cold feeling soon disappeared. The manager soon stopped the snow-balling.

We soon went into the larger pool, which has a temperature of seventy-five to seventy-eight degrees, varying according to the amount of snow melting above the pool. It is estimated that 16,000 gallons of water pass through this pool each hour. Most of the cold water entering these pools comes from a reservoir up on the side of Sulphur mountain. After enjoying the swim in this pool we dressed and went into the cave.

The entrance to the cave is a tunnel with no artificial support, the roof being of rock formation, displaying millions of stalactites. The tunnel is about one hundred feet long. The cave is in the shape of an inverted cone. We estimated the width at fifty feet, and the height about seventy-five feet. A cement walk has been built around the edges of the cave, enclosing a pool of water. A meter is located at the north side of

this pool. Three hundred gallons of water, with a temperature of ninety degrees flows through this pool per minute. The water comes into the pool from the southwest through an opening in the wall. We put our hand into the stream but removed it at once as the water was so hot. The 18,000 gallons per hour rushing in makes a great noise. The water is conducted through two large pipes to the swimming pools. The water gets its heat from some volcano or the interior of the earth. The cave was possibly found by the Indians, but the first white men to find it was a band of trappers in 1875, but they did not investigate it. In 1880 the Canadian Pacific railroad surveyors were working through those mountains and on three successive days they noticed white smoke up on the mountain side, and as it did not diminish they went up to investigate it. The white smoke was steam coming from a hole in the ground. They could not reach bottom with a stick so they let down a rope and determined the depth, then they cut down a tall tree and nailed pieces across it, forming a ladder and one of the bravest men went down and explored the cave. The cave and tunnel are now lighted by electricity and present a very beautiful sight.

After coming out of the cave we decided to walk down the mountain side. We saw an elk and some deer which did not seem to be afraid of us. We saw a number of houses almost hidden in the forest.

Looking across Bow river, near Banff, another one of Canada's beauties is seen. The bank is fringed with evergreen trees and beyond are mountain peaks known as the Three Sisters, the highest peak being 9,743 feet above sea level. This entire scene is reflected in the clear water of the river.

The Canadian Pacific railway has an immense hotel of more than 500 rooms at the base of Sulphur mountain overlooking the Bow river.

Banff is in the midst of the Canadian National Park of 5,732 square miles. All through this park the wild animals rove at will, although the fierce,

wild animals are found mainly in a tract comprising about 235 square miles up in the mountains. The park is a great game reserve as no one is allowed to fire a gun within the limits.

Banff is government controlled and owned, therefore, has no mayor but has an advisory council of ten members. It seems strange that a town up in the mountains would be so thrifty, but it has electric power to sell. It has 25,000 feet of water mains, 18,000 feet of sewer, four miles of graveled walks, 475 yards of cement walks, and 1,320 yards of plank walks. They have telegraph and telephone service, and pure water which is tested by the government. All the streets except two bear the name of some animal. We did not go through the zoo but were told that it contains all kinds of wild animals found in Canada and some from other parts of the world.

After our long walk we went to the hotel and were the first consumers of the six o'clock dinner. We then wrote some letters and visited with some other travellers in the hotel lobby. Some of them were going to one of the large dance halls where the Prince of Wales was going to be present. We were invited also but preferred to stay at the hotel. We instructed them to tell the Prince to come to the hotel. We waited until ten o'clock and as he had not responded to our invitation, we went to the depot and boarded the 10:37 train eastbound. We engaged a berth and were soon asleep.

Chapter XI

Across the Prairie

We awakened about six o'clock near Tilley, Alberta. On looking out we were surprised to see the prairie again as we had dropped down 2,078 feet in the distance of 204 miles. We saw a few small fields of corn, some green oats, and many large fields of wheat throughout the remainder of Alberta. We stopped in Medicine Hat twenty-five minutes and went to the depot lunch room and secured a good breakfast. We then boarded the train and were fortunate in getting a seat on the observation platform which we kept most of the forenoon.

On account of this being Sunday there was not much stir in the fields but we saw several threshing outfits along the road. Wheat seems to be the main crop through this region. Each town through which we passed had three or more elevators. Some towns had nine elevators. In some places there was only a sidetrack and three or more elevators and only one or two dwellings.

We stopped at Swift Current for lunch and a view of the city. We found as much beauty in the level country as we had in the mountainous region as we were getting tired of the mountains. When the Creator made the world he put beauty all around us and if we cannot see the beauty there is something wrong with us.

We reached Moose Jaw at 5:50 P. M. As the train on which we were traveling was going direct to Montreal and we wanted to go to Minneapolis we had to wait forty minutes for another train.

We do not mean to advertise for the Canadian Pacific railway but it seems they have done more for the development of Canada than any other corporation has done. There has been no event in the history of road construction in Canada of more dramatic significance than on a rainy November morning of 1885 when Sir Donald Smith drove the spike which completed the construction

of the Canadian Pacific railway. The ringing blows of Sir Donald's hammer, reverberating among the mountains announced that the Canadian Rockies, so long an impregnable barrier between the East and West, had at last surrendered to the imagination, ingenuity and persistent effort of man. More than forty years had been spent in hunting the most practical routing through the mountains.

The Canadian Pacific railway is original in the idea of advertising the advantages of Canada. Each year this company gives a free seven-months' trip to four boys or girls from England, in order that they may see Canadian farming and go back to England and tell what they have seen. They must have had some previous agricultural experience as a preparation and when they reach Canada they are taken to various places to study methods and conditions.

We are told that this company has done another deed which will ever be remembered. During the World War Canada responded with soldiers and supplies and the railway lost many employees. In honor of these men the Canadian Pacific railway has erected a monument in their Windsor street station in Montreal, with the following inscription:

"To commemorate those in the service of the Canadian Pacific railway who at the call of king and country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardship, faced danger, and finally passed out of sight of men by the path of duty and self sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those that come after see that their names are not forgotten—1914-1918."

We hope our delegates who meet at our convention in Montreal in 1925 may have the pleasure of seeing this monument.

We left Moose Jaw at 6:30 P. M. The scenery was about the same as has been described. Darkness soon settled down upon us, and as we had agreed to ride the day coach to Minneapolis, we soon settled down to sleep. A little before two

o'clock A. M. we were awakened by an officer calling out: "Everybody awake! United States Immigration." He came through asking each one who they were and where they were going. He passed on to the next coach. We settled down for another nap and just got to sleep when another officer came in and yelled: "Prepare your grips for examination, United States Immigration." He examined each grip and passed to the next car. We soon stopped at Portal, North Dakota, where we stopped thirty minutes for the officers to finish their inspection.

After leaving Portal we soon went to sleep and were awakened as we neared Anamoose. We stopped at Harvey for lunch, then continued south-eastward through the beautiful state of North Dakota. In the vicinity of Valley City we saw fields of potatoes, as well as wheat and some hay. We stopped at Enderlin fifteen minutes for lunch. We had been eating quite heartily during the entire trip but our appetites were increasing as we were leaving the higher altitude so whenever the train stopped for a few minutes, if we were awake, we hunted a lunch room. East of Enderlin we saw miles of wild hay being stacked. Near Hankinson we saw small fields of corn. We also saw some large stubble fields being plowed. At Fairmount we crossed into the state of Minnesota. The prairie being slightly rolling in some places killed the monotony of the scenery.

At Glenwood we saw the beautiful lake and saw evidence of diversified farming through the region to the east. We saw many patches of buckwheat, corn and some hay. Wheat was being drilled on the fall plowed fields. After leaving Brooten the engineer seemed to get in a hurry as he covered the distance between some of the stations at the rate of sixty-five miles per hour.

East of Maple lake we saw a number of women husking corn in a field. We were informed by a man who had boarded the train at Maple lake that a farmer had offered the Ladies' Aid half of the corn they would pick in one day and they were making a killing.

Chapter XII

Minneapolis and St. Paul

We arrived at Minneapolis at 6 P. M., Monday evening, and secured a room at the West hotel. After eating a hearty supper we attended a ten-cent movie before retiring. The next morning we were up early and started out to see the town.

Minneapolis is known as the "City of Beautiful Parks." One-tenth of its area is given over to public parks. In commercial lines Minneapolis is the hub of the great northwest. It is the leading city in the flour milling industry, and the distribution of farm machinery. This city presents a wonderful example of American city growth. Within a space of seventy-two years it has grown from a small Indian village to a city of over 400,000 population.

A short distance from the beautiful Minnehaha falls stands the old stone round-tower, Fort Snelling. This fort was built in 1820 to protect the settlers from the Indians. The tower is a two-story structure with windows a few feet apart all around the building. The sides of the building are partially covered by vines and flowering plants. A beautiful park with lovely shade trees occupies this site, too.

Minnehaha falls is a very impressive sight. The Mississippi river, at this place, is about two hundred feet wide. This river, rising in Lake Itasca, flows about 300 miles to the falls. Through this distance it has dropped 700 feet but from here to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 2,200 miles, it falls less than 1,000 feet or about five inches to the mile. Minnehaha falls gave Longfellow the inspiration in writing his famous "Song of Hiawatha."

"Where the falls of Minnehaha,
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

Longfellow Glen, a small rippling brook flowing among the trees, is a very inspiring place for a poet.

The city has a very beautiful drive called Memorial Drive, flanked on either side by more than 500 elm trees, each dedicated to the memory of a resident of Minneapolis and Hennepin county whose life was given in the country's service during the World's War.

A string of five lakes is only a short distance from the business district, although we did not see all of them.

Some of the tall buildings we saw were the Y. M. C. A., twelve stories; Plymouth building, twelve stories; First and Security National Bank, seventeen stories; also the Donaldson Glass Block, a beautiful five-story building with more windows per square foot of floor space than any other business building in Minneapolis.

Gateway park, near the Nicollet hotel, is a very fragrant, small park, having the walks fringed with roses and other flowers in abundance.

Loring park, containing thirty-six acres, embraces a small lake surrounded by large shade trees. Millions of flowers, in beds of various designs, decorate the beautiful lawns in the open spaces. In some places the foliage is so dense the sun cannot penetrate.

After spending some time in Woolworth's department store we decided to get our luggage and go to St. Paul. On the way to the hotel the writer's eye was attracted by a sign advertising an overcoat sale (in September). We entered the store and purchased a bargain for \$18. We then checked out of the hotel, boarded a street car for St. Paul. En route we had a splendid view of the milling district where Gold Medal and Pillsbury's Best are manufactured in connection with other wheat products by the use of water power from the Mississippi river.

We had only a glimpse of the state capitol in the western part of the city. Minnesota boasts of the fact that most of the material used in the building and its decorations was produced in that state. Nearly fourteen years were required for the completion of the building at a total cost of \$4,500,000.

We went immediately to a cafe and ate dinner. Then Brother Jack sent a message to his brother at Waterloo. We then went to the depot and boarded the Kansas City Limited on the Great Western railroad, leaving St. Paul at 3:15 P. M. Along the road we saw many fields of wheat coming up green, and as we traveled south the corn seemed larger and about six o'clock we crossed the line into the "Land of the Tall Corn."

We reached Waterloo at 8:40 P. M., and Brother Jack stopped off to visit his brother, leaving the writer to complete the journey on September 25th alone. Our train arrived at the "City of Certainties," at the east side station at 11:42 P. M., where the writer got off in order to catch a street car sooner.

We enjoyed the trip immensely yet were glad to return home. We had traveled 5,633 miles by rail and 164 by steamer, exclusive of the sight-seeing trips by auto, steamer and cog road. It was certainly a grand trip, and we sincerely thank Division 441 for the honor and pleasure of representing them in the convention.

IOWA—THE GREAT CORN STATE AND DES MOINES

Iowa district was organized in 1836 while still a part of Wisconsin territory. In 1838 it was organized as the territory of Iowa and included part of the present state of Minnesota. In 1846 Iowa was admitted as a state, and in 1849 received its present boundary, ceding the northern portion to the territory of Minnesota. Iowa now ranks first in the production of corn, oats, horses, poultry, hogs and in the total value of farm lands and buildings. It is first in the percentage of improved farm lands. Iowa has approximately 200,000 farms, averaging 160 acres, with a total valuation of \$8,500,000,000. The Iowa farmers own more automobiles than are owned by the farmers of any other state. There are more than 540,000 automobiles in Iowa. Out of every thousand farms in Iowa, 581 are occupied by the owner, as compared with 456 out of every thousand in the remainder of the United States.

Iowa has a taxable wealth of \$12,000,000,000 and produces one-tenth of all the food products of the United States. The per capita wealth in Iowa is \$3,539 while the per capita wealth of the remainder of the United States is \$1,965.

The railroad facilities are great with no place over twelve miles from a railroad.

According to the fire marshal's report for 1923, Iowa experienced 5,510 conflagrations with a total loss of \$8,223,967, which is considerably less than in the previous year.

Des Moines has 225 miles of paved streets and plans have been made for paving twenty miles during 1924. Five miles of streets are graveled and ten miles are to be graveled this year.

The city covers an area of fifty-four square miles and has a water front of twenty-one miles on the Des Moines river and sixteen and a half miles on the Raccoon river. Judging from the reports of some of the fishermen an abundance of large fish are caught from both rivers.

The city is supplied with water from the Racoon river. There are 225 miles of water mains in service now and some other sections are to be given service during the coming year.

The public safety department of the city has two main branches, viz., the police department and the fire department. At the present time the police department is composed of a chief, an assistant chief, two police women, two surgeons, fifteen special policemen and one hundred ten policemen appointed by the civil service commission. There are also thirty-four men in the detective and auto theft departments.

The fire department is composed of a chief, fifteen assistants and 201 firemen. There are fifteen stations in operation and a new one will soon be in service. There are twenty-eight motor propelled fire wagons in service. The total cost of grounds, buildings and equipment aggregates \$560,816, but valuations have increased so much that the present valuation is four million dollars. During 1923 1,662 alarms were answered. In some cases the property damage was very small, but the total loss amounted to \$340,000.

Des Moines is served by seven railroads and three interurban lines. It is also connected by motor bus service with forty-two towns.

The city has seventeen large parks embracing 636 acres with a valuation of \$2,060,500, and nine small parks valued at \$38,900, and seven playgrounds valued at \$95,500.

At Grand View park one may see goats, elk, and buffalo in the paddocks. In the various cages are to be found black bears, cinnamon bears, monkeys, alligators, eagle, a crow, some wise old owls, pheasants, doves, a wolf and a raccoon.

Des Moines has enough territory available for homes to accommodate at least two million people, if more manufacturing concerns could be persuaded to locate here. There are several available sites, with easy access to water and trackage for large establishments.

At present we have East and West Des Moines, but if the railroad companies could be persuaded

to build a large union depot spanning the river the rivalry would be eliminated.

There are fifty-two hotels and more than two hundred apartment houses, besides more than 550 houses where private rooms are available.

There are twenty-four thriving banks and several loan companies doing a thriving business.

We have a wonderful school system employing 950 teachers. There are five high schools, two junior high schools and fifty-four grade schools. The cost of conducting the schools during 1923 was \$2,450,974.78. The school board has purchased a few sites for the erection of new schools. Contracts have been let for the additions to three school buildings, aggregating \$225,000.

Three large tire factories are located here, as well as two flour mills, and some other factories and foundries.

One of the most thriving sections of the city is "Four Mile," located about six miles from the court house. We are beginning to enjoy electric and telephone service with prospects of more of the luxuries. We have persuaded the school board to purchase a school site and will have a school of our own.

AT THE END

If a little child should miss me; if her little tears should
fall;
When the dark cloud clothes the shadows of the dust
and ends it all;
If for one sweet, poignant moment any little heart should
say
That she wondered why I came not at the closing of the
day;
Then I would not think all futile and I'd rather have
the tears,
Than the proud and purple pageant of the prelates and
the peers.

If a little child should miss me and her confidence were
mine.
It would please me, O! my masters, more than conquests
of the line;
If I knew that I in living out of toil and care had won
Little children's faith and trusting, it would warm me
like the sun,
With the glory of worth living and the pride of life
spent well,
And the faith to go forth fearless at the summons of
the bell.

If a little child should miss me and at twilight turn
from play,
Waiting, longing for a footstep ringing on the home-
ward way,
It would cheer me more than kingdoms and be more than
life to know,
That she shrined me in the temple of her love and mem-
ory so;
That I failed her not, but measured to the measure of
her trust,
'Till her tears were turned to roses on the green dream
of my dust.

—Publisher Unknown.



FRANKLIN SCHOOL, DECATUR COUNTY, IOWA
Where the writer attended school for six years and later taught
the same school for two years.

